

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1914.

It is only things we permit to
trouble us that do so.
—Winston Churchill.

Arbitration of the Tolls Question

It is with some surprise that we learn that President Wilson will consent to the submission of the principle of tolls exemption to arbitration instead of surrendering the principle without arbitration. We are the more surprised, since the president and his supporters in the tolls controversy have so stubbornly combated all attempts to amend the Sims bill, including the Lewis amendment which asserted the right of this country to exempt its own coastwise vessels from tolls.

The reported new attitude of the president toward a proposition which has been advanced in congress since the beginning of the controversy, which was advocated by Colonel Roosevelt last winter in private conversation before his departure for South America and which was strongly urged by him in a recent interview, indicates that the president is cognizant of the growing sentiment against the unconditional surrender of an American right.

The president must be aware of the awkwardness of his new position in which there is an admission of a doubt regarding the correctness of his former one. If there is such a doubt, it may be asked, why proceed at all with the repeal bill? There is no special reason for its hurried enactment. It will be many months before American vessels can avail themselves of the tolls exemption. The whole matter could probably be settled by the proposed arbitration in the meantime. And, if not, no foreign nation could suffer any material loss since none of them could come into competition with American coastwise vessels. The principle will keep until it has been determined, and it may be so determined that repeal will be unnecessary. If in the meantime, England or any other nation were suffering loss there would be a reason why there should be no exemption until our right to exempt had been settled by arbitration.

Throughout the discussion of the tolls case, The Republican has held the position that the president was right in demanding that congress should not authorize the violation of a treaty and it assumed that he believed that exemption would be a violation of the treaty. But no American, however jealous he may be of his country's rights and privileges or however careful he may be that the rights and privileges of other nations shall not be infringed upon by us, can offer an objection to the determination of our rights.

Mexico's Next Government

Senor Huerta may not, by his resignation secure peace in Mexico but if he resigns and can escape from the country he may secure a measure of peace for himself. He will have "saved off" his troubles upon this country which has been watchfully waiting to receive them. They will surely come to us if Villa and Carranza fail to withstand the test which may be applied to their patriotism by the mediation congress.

Undoubtedly the congress would not permit them to seize the government as the fruit of the war which they have so far waged successfully. Such a government as they would institute would carry with it no guaranty of permanence or orderliness. We should witness a recurrence of the events of the last three years, as soon as a party could be formed against them.

A provisional government of Mexico to make way for an orderly constitutional government, chosen as a result of a fair election, (Mexico, by the way, in all its history as a republic has never had a fair election,) will probably be agreed upon by the mediators. No Huertist and no constitutionalist close to Carranza and Villa will probably be agreed upon as provisional president. It is to be seen whether these leaders will accept a man who might be regarded as a compromise. If they should not, this country would find its work cut out for it.

But if they should consent to such a provisional arrangement, we will still have something to do in Mexico. The election would probably be held, practically under our supervision for an election without such supervision would be a Carranza-Villa election in the territory of which they must be left in control, and it would be a Zapata election in the south.

Before we have done with Mexico we will better understand the meaning of those old lines:

"We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation.
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew a nation."

The Becker Case

There is nothing to prevent conjecture regarding the outcome of the Becker trial but after all, it rests with the jury. The evidence that the former New York police lieutenant inspired the murder of Rosenthal the gambler, is rather stronger than it was at the first trial. Several of the more important witnesses have, however, changed their

testimony as to what are not highly essential matters and on cross-examination they have admitted that they "lied" at the former trial. The doctrine "falsus in uno" etc. is to be liberally construed. In these cases the witnesses have given what may be regarded as plausible reasons for lying.

That they are all disreputable men; all who have testified to the direct connection of the defendant with the death of Rosenthal are criminals, but that fact will probably not be given undue weight by the jury in favor of the defendant, for it has been clearly established that all of them were his associates and some of them, his confidants.

What new evidence in favor of the defense has been secured since the first trial is not known but it is expected that the reported confession of "Dago Frank" on the eve of his execution will be introduced. It is said that the gunman declared that Becker, so far as he knew, was not implicated in the murder. But this confession has been met in advance by the testimony of the widow of another of the gunmen who swore that she was present at a meeting where "Dago Frank" and others discussed the wish of Becker that Rosenthal should die.

Beside, the "confession" of Dago Frank was really not a confession at all but a dying protestation of his own innocence after his guilt had been amply proved.

Dorothy Dix informs us that a man is no more capable of representing a woman at the ballot box than he is in a millinery store. This is not untrue but it is slightly exaggerated. A woman should not be represented at the ballot box but she should be there in person, and she could not be represented by a man in a millinery store. Representation of the former would be improper but representation at the latter would be ridiculously impossible. In the past, men have represented or tried to represent women at the polls though as a matter of fact women have been without representation there but no man clothed in his right mind has had the hardihood to act as proxy for a woman in the maze of a millinery store. A deaf and dumb delegate to a Russian convention would not be in a more absurd position.

STEPHEN LEACOCK SPONSOR FOR NEW POET OF NATURE

The discovery of a new poet is always a joy to the cultivated world. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that we are able to announce that we ourselves, acting quite independently and without aid from any of the English reviews of the day, have discovered one. In the person of Mr. Tami Spudd, of whose work we give specimens below, we feel that we reveal to our readers a genius of the first order. Unlike one of the most recently discovered English poets, who is a Bengalee, and another who is a full-blooded Yak, Mr. Spudd is, we believe, a Navajo Indian.

What we particularly like about Tami Spudd, and we do not say this because we discovered him, but because we believe it and must say it, is that he belongs to not one school, but to all of them. As a nature poet we doubt very much if he has his equal; as a psychologist, we are sure he has not. As a clear, lucid thinker, he is undoubtedly of the first rank; while as a mystic he is in the very front of it. The specimens of Mr. Spudd's verse which we append herewith were selected, we are happy to assure our readers, purely at random from his works. We first blundered ourselves, and then, standing with our feet in warm water and having one hand behind our back, we groped among the papers on our desk before we selected for our purpose whatever specimens first came to hand.

As we have said—or did we say it?—it is perhaps as a nature poet that Tami Spudd excels. Others of our modern school have carried the observation of natural objects to a high degree of very nice precision, but with Mr. Spudd the observation of human nature became an almost scientific process. Nothing escapes him. The green of the grass he detects in an instant. The sky is no sooner blue than he remarks it with unerring certainty. Every bird note, every bee call, is familiar to his trained ear. Perhaps we cannot do better than quote the opening lines of a singularly beautiful sonnet of Tami Spudd's genius, which seems to us the last word in nature poetry. It is called, with characteristic daintiness, "Spring Thaw in the Ahuntic Woods, near Pasphebic Passamaquoddy County."

(We would like to say that, to our ears, at least, there is a music in this title like the sound of falling water, or of chopped ice. But we must not interrupt ourselves. We now begin. Listen.)
As a consequence it is freezing in the shade, but it is thawing in the sun.
There is a certain amount of snow on the ground, but of course not too much.
The air is what you would call humid, but not disagreeable to the touch.

Where I am standing I found myself practically surrounded by trees.
It is simply astonishing the number of different varieties one sees.
I've grown so wise I can tell each different tree by seeing it glisten.
But if that test fails I simply put my ear to the tree and listen.
And, well, I suppose it is a silly fancy of mine, perhaps.
But, do you know, I'm getting to tell different trees by the sound of their saps.
After I have noticed all the trees, and named those I know in words,
I stand quite still and look around to see if there are any more birds.
The thermometer is standing this morning at thirty-six decimal one.
And yesterday, close where I was standing, sitting in some brush on the snow.
I saw what was practically absolutely certain was an early crow.
I sneaked up ever so close and was nearly beside it when, say!
It turned, and took one look at me and flew away."
—Stephen Leacock in Life.

DOING GOOD

O brother man, fold to thine heart thy brother:
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there:
To worship rightly is to love each other.
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
—Whittier.

CO-OPERATION

"You keep a joint bank account with your wife, do you not?"
"Yes; I deposit the money and she draws it out."

WAR CORRESPONDENT DAVIS, CAPTURED BY MEXICANS, HAD TO PROMISE HE'D BE GOOD



Richard Harding Davis and Mexican Federal who arrested him.

Richard Harding Davis, the noted author and war correspondent, was captured by Mexican Federals near Vera Cruz the other day. Before they would release him he was made to promise that he would return immediately to Vera Cruz, that he would not try to send out letters or cablegrams, and that he would not attempt to make his way to Mexico City.

Farm Notes

BY H. L. RANN

No self-respecting farmer will allow a spate-nosed, short-tailed, asthmatic rooster to wake him and his family every day at 3:00 a. m. with a callop crow. There is no necessity of it. Just pipe the rooster's crow through a four-inch exhaust pipe and run it underground into your neighbor's back yard.

A balky horse is a trial in the home. Many cases are incurable, while others yield to mild and humane treatment, such as kicking the animal in the pit of the stomach with a hot-ironed boot, rickling his nostrils with a crowbar, stroking him gently over the ears with an elm club, etc. The best way, however, is to sit quietly in the buggy, and read extracts from the book of Job while waiting for the balkee to shoot the chutes.

The average so-called hog cholera cura is a rank fraud, designed merely to separate the farmer from his milk-check. We have placed on the market the only genuine hog cholera cura in existence. Here is the prescription: First lay the hog gently on his back in the front parlor and spray his stomach with iced tea. This provokes a consuming thirst on the part of the cholera germs, causing them to rise to the surface, when they can easily be removed with a pair of pliers. Rightly carried out, this treatment never fails to effect a cure.

After the boy has worked on the farm all summer for his board and overalls, hand him 20 cents in currency and send him to the county fair for an outing. The average boy can have a regular Fourth of July celebration on 20 cents, and your generosity will endear him to the farm and give him a broad, liberal outlook on life.

SOME PROPOSALS

(Compiled by a Popular Young Girl)
No. 1—The indecisive kind. Hung around nearly every night for four weeks, took me to the theater only twice, and finally wound up by asking me if I would mind waiting five years.
No. 2—Sent me a long letter and said if I wouldn't have him he would kill himself. And then he proposed to my dearest friend two days after I turned him down.
No. 3—Wanted me to live on a farm after he had finished at Harvard.
No. 4—Said he had a "plan" which, if it matured, would enable him to get married, and in such a case he hoped I wouldn't forget him.
No. 5—Elderly widower who wore a white bow tie and a frock coat. He informed me privately that he was a devil when he got started.
No. 6—Gave me a financial statement of his affairs and asked me point blank to be his wife.
No. 7—The one I took—the only one who didn't have to ask me—Life.

KANSAS GIRLS LEARN TO SWIM

"There was a young lady of Giam,
Who said, 'Now the sea is so calm
I will swim for a lark.
But she met with a shark!
Let us now sing the Ninetieth psalm.'
Fortunately, sharks are as scarce in Kansas as snakes in Ireland.

BORROWED

"John, what do you mean by kissing the parlor maid?"
"My dear, it was a perfectly natural mistake. She had on your gown, your complexion powder and your false hair."—Judge.

USUALLY HEAR

"Now they say alcohol causes deafness."
"Maybe so; I never knew anybody to fail to hear an invitation to drink."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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SCRAMBLED HISTORY

Horace sat and gnawed his pen, concentrating a look of hatred on the blank sheet of paper before him. From his seat he could see every member of the class dishing off fluent essays on Henry VIII. His pen alone was idle.

"Two minutes more!" came from the teacher. Then Horace, in desperation, seized his pen and made a bid for fame, as follows:

"Henry VIII was a king of England and the greatest scholar as never was. He was born at a place called Anno Domino, and he had sixty wives. The first he ordered to be executed, but she was beheaded. He revoked the second, and the third died; and then he married Annie Bowling, the daughter of Tom Bowling. When he died he was succeeded on the throne by his Aunt Mary. Her full name was Mary Queen of Scots, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."—From Answers.

THE INEVITABLE

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer.
Who fights the daily battle without fear.
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unflinching trust
That God is God, that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals, not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear.

Falls from his grasp—better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor bows faith in man, but does his best
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot.
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.
—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

CRISPLY EXPLAINED

New Governor—When I was your age I could answer any question in the grammar.
Gladys—Really? But then, you had a different teacher—Exchange.

WHEREAS

Tippler—You know man is only dust.
Barkeeper—Maybe. But he don't settle like dust.
Tippler—What do you mean?
Barkeeper—Dust settles when it is dry.

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